NUMB. LXXIII.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Proprium humani ingenii odiſſe quos læſerit. TACIT.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30. 1724.

MAHOMET the IId, That victorious *Turkiſh* Emperor, who took *Conſtantinople* from the Chriſtians, had a very great Genius for Poetry, and was ſo warm in its Encouragement, that He is reported to have offer'd Rewards, for every *Fault*, that cou'd be pointed out, in the Works of his *Court Poets*, and made Good againſt the Arguments, which ſhou'd be brought, in Favour of the Defendants.

HEAVEN be prais'd, That His Majeſty of *GREAT BRITAIN* has no ſuch partial Opinion of the Poets, of our Age, and Country! Such a Proclamation wou'd drain his Exchequer, more effectually than a Ten Years *War*, with the ſtrongeſt Power of *Europe*!

BUT, I believe, we may live at Eaſe: The Encouragement of the Poet's Art, in this preſent Generation, will occaſion no Profuſeneſs, that can be dangerous to the Revenue. And, as for our *Great Men*, They are *Patrons*, for the moſt Part, as They are *Doctors*, and *Maſters of Art*, rather by Accident, than by Purpoſe; and think themſelves under no Obligation to *pay for* Compliments which their Conſcience tells them, They have *No Right to*.

THE Truth is, when Any Thing, ſo Extraordinary, falls out, as, That A Man of Quality is Witty Himſelf, and an Encourager of Wit, in Others; The Poets are ſo Unmerciful, in their Aſſaults on his Liberality, That His Equals, in Dignity, have found much Safety and Comfort, in the Fame of *Dullneſs*. And there never was a livelier Proof of the Soundneſs of That Common Maxim, that *Honeſty is the beſt Policy*; than the Succeſs of the faſhionable Expedient, (at once ſo frank, and ſo ingenious!) of returning the Dedicator's Gilt Book, with this ſhort Apology for not accepting it —— *My Lord gives his Service, and ſays, He does not UNDERSTAND theſe Matters.*

FOR Want of ſome ſuch dext'rous *Stroke of Art*, The Grandees, of That *Turkiſh* Emperor's Court, whom I nam'd, at the Head of my Paper, were, often, reduc'd to a *Nonplus*. It was, particularly, the Caſe of *Ali-Baſha*, His Favourite *Treaſurer*. He had learnt to *Read*, and *caſt Accompts*; But *Wit* being *out of his Way*, He had one, regular, Method of rewarding All, who addreſs'd their Writings to him: He put the Book into one Scale, and dropt Gold into another, and, having *adjuſted the Balance*, gave the *Weight* of the Work, as a Gratuity, to the Author.—The worſt Effect of this General Rule was, That it was common for the *lighteſt Diſcourſes* to bring with them the *heavieſt Bindings*. There was nothing, more *Subſtantial* than the *Covers* of this Great Patron's Books! —But one Poet, above the Reſt, had contriv'd a a pleaſant Scheme, to make the moſt of his Ingenuity. He compos'd a Copy of Verſes; and, inſtead of *Writing* them, in the uſual Manner, caus'd them to be *Engrav'd* on a Block of *Marble*, that was large enough for a *Tomb-ſtone!* — He loaded a Cart with his Compliment, and went to wait on the *Baſha* with it; who, having Notice of his intended Preſent, ſent out the Maſter of his Buildings, to examine the Size, and Workmanſhip, of the Stone, and pay for it, according to its Value.—The Poet went away very much ſurpriz'd, and diſſatisfy'd, and writ his Patron a Complaint, How contrary to His *Greatneſs*'s Cuſtom, His Officers had preſum'd to Treat him: To which the *Baſha* anſwer'd, gravely, That *it aroſe, from a Change, in His Manner*; — *For, whereas He had, formerly, rewarded, by WEIGHT, He ſhou'd, hereafter, do it, by MEASURE.*

WE have *ſome*, among our Nobility, who are equally Illuſtrious for their *Learning*, and their *Patronage* of Learning: But They are ſo *Poetically perſecuted*, by the Swarms of Little Creatures, who have no End, in Writing, but the Profit they propoſe to draw from it, That they meet with daily Provocations to repell the Avarice of Flattery, with a Spirit, and Sharpneſs, like the *Baſha's*, above-mention'd: And, This, no Doubt, is one Reaſon for the Neglect, which *Works of Genius* often meet with, when addreſs'd to Men of Quality.

BUT, if Contempt is due to the *Mercenary*, The *Modeſt* deſerve Encouragement: And They, who are truly Generous, ſhou'd never wait, till Occaſion offers it ſelf; but ſeek, and make, the Opportunity. For, as the Sharpneſs of our *Sight* is beſt prov'd by the *Remoteneſs*, in which we diſtinguiſh Objects; ſo our *Judgment* appears, moſt ſtrongly, when we diſcern Merit, where it ſtands at *Diſtance*, and *invite* it, to approach us.

I AM always pleas'd with the Proſpect of Any Work, from which the *Publick* may promiſe Itſelf, either Entertainment, or Inſtruction: And I hope, The Gentleman, who has ſent me the following

[Price Two Pence.]

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ing Verſes, and Letter, will have no Reaſon to complain of the Reception, His Deſign ſhall meet with.

The HAPPY MAN.

HIGH, o'er the Winding of a a cliffy Shoar,
From whoſe worn Steep, *the back'ning Surges roar*:
Freeman,—*Sweet Lot! —in quiet Plenty, lives,*
Rich, in the unbought Wealth, which Nature *gives.*

Unplanted Groves riſe, round his ſhelter'd Seat,
And ſelf-ſown Flow'ers *attract his wandring Feet:*
Lengths of wild Garden his near *Views adorn;*
And far-ſeen *Fields wave, with domeſtick Corn.*
The grateful Herds, *which his own Paſtures feed,*
Pay their ask'd Lives, *and in due* Tribute, *bleed.*
Here, in learn'd Leaſure, *He relaxes Life,*
'Twixt pratt'ling Children, and a ſmiling Wife.
Here, on dependent Want, *He ſheds his Care;*
Moves, amid Smiles; and All, he hears, is Pray'r.
The World *lies round him, like a Subject Soil;*
Stor'd, for his Service, *but beneath his* Toil.

Hence, in a Morning Walk, His piercing Eye
Skims the green Ocean, to the circling Sky;
And marks, at Diſtance, ſome returning Sail,
Wing'd, by the Courtſhip of a flatt'ring *Gale:*
The fearleſs Crew, *concluding* Danger o'er,
With glad'ning Shouts, ſalute the opening Shore:
Fore-think *how, beſt, They may their* Gains *employ;*
And antedate thin Scenes of promis'd Joy!
Till a near Quickſand *checks their ſhorten'd Way;*
And the ſunk Maſts *point thro' the riſing* Spray!

Freeman *ſtarts, ſad! —revolves the changeful Sight;*
Where Mis'ry *can, ſo ſoon, ſucceed* Delight.
Then, ſhakes his Head, in Pity of their Fate;
And, ſweetly conſcious, hugs His happier State.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

'THE Encloſed is *one* Copy of Verſes, of a great 'Number, which my Friends have been kind 'enough to favour me with, in Order to furniſh out 'a *Collection of Miſcellaneous POEMS*: Concerning 'which, you may, poſſibly, have met with a Pro'poſal in the Hands of ſome of your Acquaintance, 'for their being *publiſhed; by Subſcription*, in the 'Name of *Richard Savage*, Son of the late *Earl 'Rivers.*

'I AM, Sir, That unfortunate *Richard Savage*; 'the peculiar Circumſtances of whoſe uncommon 'Treatment, from a Mother (whoſe fine Qualities 'make it impoſſible to me *not to forgive her*, even, 'while I am *miſerable, by Her Means, only*) induced 'You, ſome Months ſince, in your *Twenty Eighth 'Paper*, to publiſh a Few ineffectual Lines, which I 'had written, on Her ſurprizing Uſage of me: To 'which your Humanity was pleas'd to add certain 'Reflections, in my Favour, which I remember, 'with due Gratitude; and am encouraged, by That 'Inſtance of your Goodneſs, to make the preſent 'Application.

'WHEN you ſhall have peruſed my Extraordi'nary *Caſe*, and Thoſe convincing *Original Letters*, 'which I have entruſted with the Gentleman, who 'brings you This, I ſhall need ſay no more, to ſatis'fie You, What *Right* I have, to *complain*, in a more 'Publick Manner, than I have, yet, allowed my ſelf 'to reſolve on. — The *Papers*, in the Order you will 'ſee them, are prepared for a Hand, too *Juſt*, and 'too *Powerful*, to leave me the leaſt Diſtruſt of being, 'ſhortly, *leſs oppreſſed than I have been*: But I judged 'my ſelf obliged to lay them under *your* Eye, That 'you might be ſenſible, you ſaid leſs, of my *Wrongs*, 'and my *Sufferings*, than the unhappy *Truth* could 'have juſtified.

'AS to the mentioned *Collection of POEMS*, They 'are, ſome of 'em my own: But many more the 'Works of Eminent Hands, for the moſt Part, 'never before publiſhed. ——— The *Subſcrip'tion* will be *Half a Guinea*: And, as I can ſol'licite Nothing, with *Importunity*, in which (tho' 'a *ſmall* one) I have a viſible *Intereſt*, my Subſcribers 'will be only Thoſe, who, if They think They ſee 'any Thing, in *me*, or in my *Deſign*, worth their 'Notice, or Encouragement, can have Generoſity 'enough to ſave me the Confuſion of *applying to them*, 'and ſend their *Names*, and the Number of Books 'they ſubſcribe for, to *Button's Coffee-Houſe*, in '*Covent-Garden*; where Receipts will be given.

'THE *Book* is now in the Preſs, and will be pub'liſhed, as ſoon as it can be *printed off*. — If you 'find, among the *Poems*, which my Friend has deſir'd 'he may ſhew you, What you think worthy of your 'Approbation, In That Caſe, (and in *That only*) I 'ſhall hope your favourable Interpoſition in Behalf of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, humble Servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

I HAVE, purpoſely, *left out* much of This ingenious, and unhappy, Gentleman's Letter, which was very new, and ſurprizing; and affected me with the moſt touching Grief. — If I apprehend His Caſe clearly (and the Proofs, He ſent me, are too *ſtrong*, to be eaſily miſtaken) It is, in ſome Meaſure, to be conſidered, as *That of an Injured Nobleman*, — But of This, the World will judge, for it ſelf, when the Particulars ſhall be more publick. — *That* is His *own* immediate *Concern*, and will, I ſuppoſe, be His *own Care*: — But His *Propoſal* is What *Every Body* ought to take Part in; becauſe the Book, in it ſelf, has a very uncommon Merit: And Both *Merit*, and *Ill Fortune*, join, to recommend the Propoſer.

I THINK it was finely ſaid, by a Gentleman, whoſe Writings, and Humanity, were, for many Years, the Admiration of the Kingdom, — *That it ought to be the Care of All, in whoſe Power it lay, to liſt Mr.* SAVAGE *above a Senſe of his* MOTHER's *Cruelty; becauſe a Miſery, ſo undeſerved, had intitled him to a Right of finding Every Good Man His* FATHER.

BUT, when, to a *Miſery ſo undeſerved*, we add a *Deſign, ſo full of Reaſon*, It is impoſſible, but there muſt be *Many*, who will feel a noble Delight, in diſtinguiſhing their Zeal, for ſo modeſt a Propoſer; and ſend their own Names, and Thoſe of Others, whom they can Influence, as ſo many *Examples*, when the *Liſt* comes to be publiſh'd, That we have Spirits, who can diſcover *Genius*, before it riſes into *Noiſe*; and dare promote it, without *waiting* till the *Way has been led, by Others.*

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane.* Where *Letters* and *Advertiſements* are taken in.
And where Compleat SETTS may be had.